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EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF THOMAS DINELEY,
ESQUIRE, GIVING SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS VISIT TO
IRELAND IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

COMMUNICATED BY EVELYN PHILIP SHIRLEY, ESQ., M.A., M.P.

WITH NOTES BY JOHN O'DONOVAN, LL.D., M.R.I.A.

[Continued from Vol. I., *New Series*, page 188.]

LANGUAGE.—The Language is spoke in the Throat like y^e Welch. It is sharp and sententious, with quick apothegmes¹ and proper allusions, wherefore their comon Jesters, Bards, and Rimers, are very pleasant to those that are well vers^t in the s^d Language.

The true Irish differeth so much from what they comonly speake, that it is rare to meet with one who can either write, read, or understand it, unless it be a learn'd Irish Schoolmaster, who settis much by himself upon that score; wherefore it is prescrib'd among certain their Poetes and other Irish students of Antiquity. They have also a distinct character from us, an Alphabet whereof was bestow'd on me at Rallahine² Castle, in the county of Clare.

They differ also so in their speaking since their Rebellion, and their very language is so confounded, that of different countreys they understand one another not without difficulty.³ Though they that do speake English here throughout the whole Kingdom speake it generally better and more London-like⁴ then in most places of England.

This language hath an affinity with the Welch, according to the

¹ This account of the Irish language is taken nearly verbatim from Campion's "Historie of Irelande," cap. iv., Dub. ed. 1809.

² *Rallahine Castle* (in Irish Rát Láteín, Anglice nunc, Rathlaheen).—A ruined castle, situated in a townland of the same name, in the parish of Tomfinlough, barony of Upper Bunratty, and county of Clare. This castle belonged in 1584 to Donnell, son of Sioda Mantach Mac Namara.

³ *Not without difficulty*.—This is also the case in England. An English attorney, a native of Northumberland, removed to Kent, where he lived for twenty years without visiting his rustic friends in the North. After the lapse of twenty years and three weeks, at length, however, he paid them a visit, when he found that they could not under-

stand his new dialect; and they flocked from all quarters to hear Cousin Bob talk South country language, which entirely lacketh "thee" and "thou." The attorney himself told me this in Gray's Inn, in the year of our Lord, 1846.

⁴ *More London-like*.—The reason is plain, because they had not English long enough among them to have it split into dialects. The inhabitants of the Islands of Aran, in the Bay of Galway, where Cromwell established an English colony, speak better English than the natives of Dublin. At the time of our author, however, the English language was not so much *ioticised* in London as it is at present. The author of a Welsh grammar, printed in 1595, observes that the females in London are beginning to pronounce *a*, *é*, and *é*, *i*, (*ee*)!!

learned Antiquary Cambden, who calleth y^e great number of British words in use among the Irish infinitam vim Britannicarum dictionum; he believes also that they first inhabited this land.

The chief followers of Strongbow in y^e conquest of this nation under Hen. 2^d were Welch and borderers, as [*blank in original*], Walshes, &c. In the Bishoprick of Loughlin, there is a Town call'd Villa Wallicorum¹ anciently. The Walshes by name were possess't among [*blank in original*].

Careg and Craig, in the Welsh Tongue, signifieth Rock or Stone; and of the Brittish Welch are *Carreg Fergus*² (a seaport and Garrison, fronting part of Scotland as Dunbritan Fyrth Water, Arren Isles, Dunanart Castle, &c.); elsewhere are Craig-mont Griffin in the county of Wicklow; Carreg in Shurie; Carrigaaspin; Craig-Owhny Castle, whereof the Walshes of Worcestershire once had possession, whose Chappel is adjoining to y^e ruines of Abby Owny,³ the prospect of which Craig Owhny I have touched off page []; and Craigwading also received its name from the Brittaines.

*Llis*⁴ also in Brittish signifieth a Court or Pallace, of which in the Kingdom of Ireland are Lisfenin, Lismore, Lislofty, Lismakery, Liskaloge, anciently belonging to the Mac Mahones, now in the hands of George Ross, Esq^r as tenant to Henry Earle of Thomond.

Glyn, or Glan,⁵ are British words; of these you have in Ireland Glinmoloura, Glandmelurr, or Glanmelour, neer which is a famous spaw water, within less than two small miles of Ballendery, the estate of Mr. Henry Temple, in the county of Wicklow, whose mansion house I have sketch't out, page [].

Glangibbon, Glinregnold, Glynburry,⁶ Glyndelory,⁷ and Glyn,⁸ belonging to Major Fits Gerald, in the county of Limerick, whose scituation, see page [].

¹ *Villa Wallicorum*.—Which some think was originally called Graig na mBreathnach, i. e. the "graique" or town of the Britons, or Welshmen. Keating mentions Graig-na mBreathnach, but it is probable that by it he meant Walshes's Graigue, in the county of Meath.

² *Carreg-Fergus*, &c.—The words carraig, carraig, craig, are of more frequent occurrence in Irish than in Welsh. The word is, however, common to both dialects, and, therefore, no argument can be adduced to show which is the *original*, because both nations had the word and its derivatives at the same time.

³ *Abbey Owny* (máistir Uaiéne).—Now Abington, county of Limerick. It was granted to Captain Walshe, in the fifth year of the reign of Elizabeth; but it was forfeited by his family in 1641.

⁴ *Llis* (Lios)—Is also an Irish word, and

is applied to ten thousand forts of earth. It is simply an enclosure of earth, and has no dignity attached to it. Its diminutive, Liosín (*lisheen*), is applied to a great number of very small earthen forts. Liskaloge is now called Fort Fergus; on the river Fergus, county of Clare.

⁵ *Glan* (*Gleann*)—Is also an Irish word, as well as British. Glenmelurr is called by the Irish Gleann Maolughra. It was the name of the seat of Fiach O'Byrne, celebrated by the poet Spenser.

⁶ *Glangibbon*, *Glinregnold*, *Glynburry*.—Should be Clangibbon, &c. Our tourist got these names from books.

⁷ *Glyndelory*.—This is one of the names of Glenmalur, above mentioned, which shows that the tourist had it from reading.

⁸ *Glyn*.—The seat of the Knights of Glynn was called by the Irish Gleann Corbraighe. See "Annals of the Four Masters."

Innis, Inis, or Enish, signifying an Island in Welch and Irish, or other British, occasion'd these proper names in Ireland, as Inis-Corthie, Inissirocan, Enish Mac Ony,¹ Enish Erkey,² Enish Jerbied, Enish Kirked, which four last islands are the proper estate of the noble Henry Earle of Thomond, which so abound in venison that at the season, in boats between these Islands, I have seen his hunts-men halter at-trap, and put ropes upon y^e heads of good bucks in the water. Inishoven,³ Inisdiock,⁴ Inisnag.⁵

Rath,⁶ signifying a large ditch, moate, or trench, or lough, in *Irish* as well as *British*, hath form'd several names,—as Rathfoelane⁷ Castle and Mote, belonging to Mr. Henry Colpoys, a very worthy English gentleman.

Many of the moats, as well as the forts encompassed, were first made by the Danes. Beda⁸ will have Rathe a Saxon word, and many places in this kingdome are compounded therewith; but it is mostly thought British. Stanihurst sayth Omnes Insulæ locos et lacos [lucus] Wallici nominis gloria implevit. The Renown of the Welsh name⁹ hath filled all the places and groves of the Isle of Ireland.

IRISH BURIALLS.—Monsieur Muret, translated by Mr. Lorrain, concerning Rites of Funerall, ancient & modern, page 131, chap. 8,

¹ *Enish Mac Ony*.—These four islands, belonging to the Earl of Thomond, are now the property of Colonel Wyndham, and are situated in the estuary of the Shannon. Enish-macowney belongs to the parish of Kildysart, and contains 200 acres. Enish-Erkey is a small island at the confluence of the Shannon and the Fergus; and Enish Jerbied is now, and was then called, Enish-Tubbrid.

² *Enish Erkey*.—Sherkey Island. Enish-Kirked was an old name of that now called Canon Island.

³ *Inishoven* (Inp Ooġan, Owen's Island).—There are several islands of this name in Ireland.

⁴ *Inisdiock*.—Inistioge in the county of Kilkenny; now Inp Oéaġ, anciently Inp Teoc.

⁵ *Inisnag*.—Also in the county of Kilkenny, situated near the confluence of the Callan, or King's, river with the Nore, near Thomastown.

⁶ *Rath*.—Is not derived from the Welsh. The word never signifies 'a lough;' the Welsh settlers did not carry it with them into Ireland, nor did they retain their own Welsh language for any number of generations. They forgot it totally, and adopted the Irish, as the Walshes of the Walsh mountains, in the barony of Knocktopher, county of Kilkenny; the Barretts and Lynotts of Tirawley, in the county of Mayo; the Barretts of the county of Cork; the Joyces of the barony of Ross, in the west of the county of

Galway. These certainly forgot their Welsh language, and, in general, their Welsh origin, very early, and became more Irish than the Firbolgs or Milesian Irish.

⁷ *Rathfoelane*.—Is a townland in the parish of Kilnasoolagh, near Newmarket, county of Clare, the property of Sir Lucius O'Brien (now Lord Inchiquin). The family of Colpoys is almost extinct in this county. The first of them known there was a merchant residing in Limerick, who purchased from the factor of a Cromwellian adventurer a property in the parish of Tulla. The last of them, Major Colpoys, is dead about thirty-two years. His property was inherited by George O'Callaghan, Esq., whose son sold it to James Molony, Esq.

⁸ *Beda*.—Where does he say so?

⁹ *The renown of the Welsh name*.—They do not appear to have carried any words with them which remain in Ireland, except perhaps *Graig*, and even this is not now recognised as Welsh. The word Lhan had been introduced by the Welsh saints centuries before the English invasion. Grange is not Welsh, but an Anglo-Norman word, derived from the Medieval Latin, Grangia. The family named Welsh, in Irish *Óneacnaó*, i.e. *Britannicus*, which is unquestionably of British or Cymric descent, is very numerous in Ireland, and sufficiently respectable; but they were never of any great importance in Ireland, like the Geraldines, Butlers, Barrys, Roches, Powers, Berminghams, &c.

speaks of the Caribees, who inhabit the Antilee-Islands. Concerning their Howlings and Lamentations, wherewith they entertain the dead corps, to which they add the most ridiculous and nonsensical discourses imaginable. And not much unlike y^e vulgar Irish. They talk to him of the best Fruits their Country doth afford, telling him that he might have eaten of them as much as he would. They put him in mind of the Love his family had for him, and the reputation he lived in, &c., reproaching him above all for dying, as if it had been in his power to prevent it. As for example:—They tell him, Thou might'st have lived so well, and made so good cheer. Thou didst want neither Manioc, nor Potato's, Bananes, nor Ananas. As y^e Irish, Thou didst want nor Usquebath,¹ Oat-cakes,² Sweet milk,³ Bonny clobber,⁴ Mallahaune,⁵ Dilisk,⁶ Slugane,⁷ good Spoals.⁸ How is it, then, that thou diedst? Thou didst live in so great esteem with all men, every one did love and respect thee; what is the matter, then, that thou art dead? Thy freinds and Relations were so kind to thee, their greatest care was onely to please thee and to lett thee lack nothing; pray tell us, then, why didst thou think of dying?⁹ Thou wast so usefull and serviceable to the country, thou hadst signaliz'd thyself in so many Battells, thou wast our defence and security from the assault and fury of our enemies; why is it, then, that thou art dead?¹⁰

¹ *Usquebath* (uірce beata).—i. e. *aqua vite*, now whiskey.

² *Oat-cakes*.—Still used, and right good food they are.

³ *Sweet-milk*.—Either *leamnáct*, or milk after being skimmed, before it turns sour.

⁴ *Bonny clobber*.—Written *Bonnyclabber* in Sheridan's and Johnson's Dictionaries, where it is defined "sour buttermilk." The term is now obsolete. It seems to be intended for *bainne clabair*, muddy milk—*blátao*, gen. na *blátaí*, is now the general word for butter-milk in Ireland and Scotland, so that *blátao gáar* would be the present term corresponding with *bonnyclabber*, or *sour butter-milk*. The Bard Ruadh (O'Daly) calls it *beapag-blátao*.—"Tribes of Ireland," p. 72.

⁵ *Mallahaune* (*mulaóan*)—This word is still used in Leinster, Ulster, and the Highlands of Scotland to denote *cheese*.

⁶ *Dilisk*.—*Duilleap*, or salt leaf, is still well known in every part of Ireland.

⁷ *Slugane* (*pleabán*).—This word is still well known. It is usually anglicised "*sloak*."

⁸ *Spoals*.—*Spólao* is still a living word, denoting "*a joint of meat*." *Spóilín méit* na h-Imbe was a small joint stuck in the *púit* on Shrovetide, to remain there till Easter. It was then held sacred, and he who tasted it first on Easter Sunday was secure against disease during the next year.

⁹ *Of dying*.—"Paddy, my darling, you knew that we had potatoes enough for this year, and why did you die?" Words of Dr. Wilde in his last lecture on the Potato, before the Royal Irish Academy, 1856.

¹⁰ *Why is it that thou art dead?*—The Elegy on the death of Edmond Welsh, who was drowned in an inundation of the river *Dineen*, begins:—"A 'Eabomoinn an péiríon go bfuair tú báp?"—O Edmond! is it possible that thou hast died? In the Elegy on the death of John (son of William, son of William, son of Cornelius, son of Edmond O'Donovan), who died in 1797, without issue, his female keener, Bridget Dwyer, says—

A Sheann uí Ónnaóam mo bionmá
pém tu!

A bionéam dlann d'árb-fuil na péile,
Cóg ruar do éann a' labair leu
éile,
D'páq tú gan fear gan mac ag gáap-
gúl.

O John O'Donovan, my own grief thou
art!

Thou beauteous scion of the high blood of
generosity,
Lift up thy head, and speak to thy wife,
Whom thou has left without a husband,
without a son bitterly lamenting!

Which last words are allwayes the Burthen of the Howle and Song to both people, and the conclusion of all their complaints, which they repeat 1000 times, reckoning over all the actions of his life, with all the advantages wherewith he was endow'd.

This done, y^e Irish bury their dead, and if it be in or neer y^e burying place of that family, the servants & followers hugg kiss howle

Ní an rapaóct a paḡaimn aḡ iarraió do
ḡaelta,
Táio riab ḡo paḡriiḡ ameapḡ na
bḡréan-ḡear,
O Śliab Ua ḡ-Cḡuinn ḡo binn an ḡéice,
'S ón n ḡḡeanaiḡ ḡo Capraiḡ na n-ae-
naó.
A b-ḡiú bḡm, óoir Siuḡe tá an bḡiḡ-
ḡear,
A nḡaiḡ ó b-ḡinn tá cḡoide na
n-bḡiḡ-beapḡ;
Anoir ní paḡab ḡo baile na nḡéiḡleac,
Map a paḡ an mapcaó 'ḡan paḡarḡ
'ḡan éide,
Do bí ḡear bḡeáḡ ófoa a bḡort
Uaiḡe an ḡona,
ḡear a mḡaile Shac do ḡmḡeacó
maḡ ḡan mḡaoidḡeán,
ḡear ciuim a Rop iḡic ḡḡiuim na
taoibe,
ḡear bḡollaiḡ ḡil 'na óoblaó a ḡCill
bḡiḡiḡe,
A b-ḡḡaó a cḡib eoḡna an mḡlḡe.

"I need not go borrow relations^a for thee,

They are widely spread among the mighty
men,
From Slieve-Grine^b to Bunnaneigh^c
And from Granny to Carrick of the fairs.

At Fidown^d upon the Suir lives the good
man,
At Graigue-Oveen^e lives the heart of good
deeds.

I will not now go to Ballynearl,^f
Where the horseman lived and the robed
priest.

There was an excellent man of them at winy
Waterford,^g

A man at Ballyhack,^h who did good without
boasting,

A mild man at Ross-mic-Triuinnⁱ of the
tide,

A white-breasted man of them rests at Kil-
bride,

Whose barley supported the thousands."^k

^a *Borrow relations.*—This is asneering observation on some of the professional keeners, who claimed relations that did not belong to the dead man.

^b *Slieve-Grine.*—Now Tory-hill.

^c *Bunnaneigh.*—A place near Graigue-namagh.

^d *Fidown.*—In the barony of Iverk, where lived one of the family of Denn.

^e *Graigue-Oveen.*—A townland in the barony of Iverk, where Cornelius O'Donovan lived.

^f *Ballynearl.*—A townland, where John O'Donovan, the father of Edmond, P.P. of Kilmacow, lived. Both were dead when this Elegy was delivered.

^g *Waterford.*—Dominic, son of John of Ballynearl.

^h *Ballyhack.*—In the county of Wexford, opposite Passage. My grandfather did not know who this relative was.

ⁱ *Ross-mic-Triuinn.*—Now New Ross, in the county of Wexford. My grandfather used to say that this alluded to a Mr. Kavanagh, a merchant in Ross, who was his second cousin. Mr. Kinsella, lately Mayor of

Wexford, was descended from him.

^k *Supported the thousands.*—This was Marcus More Höberlin, of Bawnagealoe, who was a Protestant, but much attached to the native Irish; he fed many persons on his barley after the failure of the potatoes in 1740.

I should like to add the following lines, composed by his sister, over the body of John O'Brien, who was contemporary with my grandfather, but who died a young man, recently married, without children. She first tells him "to get up, and meet his people, who had gone to the town to buy a coffin for him, to tell them that such a wooden box was not required; that John O'Brien was again alive and well, and intended to go to the town next day to buy a new gown for his young wife." He did not respond to this call, and the sister, in a paroxysm of real grief, raves, rambles in her discourse, accuses the fairies of having carried him off for his youth and beauty; recovers from her delirium, accuses death of injustice, and, after giving vent to her rage against the black tyrant, she recovers from her divine intoxication and returns to humanity, feels that

and weep over the skulls that are there digg'd¹ up & once a week for a quarter of an yeer after come two or three and pay more noyse at the place.

The aforementioned Indians instead of laying out their dead, they bind them upp in y^e same form as they lay in y^e womb, thus—having wash't it carefully they colour it over wth red, rub his head with oyle, comb y^e hair; this being done, they bind his legs to his thighs, and put his elbowes between his leggs, tying down his face upon his hands, in y^e usual posture as an infant is in y^e belly of his mother; then they swaddle it up in linnen for buriall, which is in a grave round like a tun, wth various ceremonies, w^{ch} see Muret, page 133.

Severall nations in Asia thought themselves guilty of great impiety should they lett their dead become a repast for worms: wherefore as soon as any one was dead amongst them, they did cut the body to pieces, mixing it with mutton, beef, or the like, which mince meat they eat with singular gust and devotion. They outvyed the Doctrine of Pythagoras, y^t Philosopher maintaining onely a Metempsychosis, or the transmigration of soules into other bodies; whereas these put in practice the transmigration of dead bodies into living

¹ *Skulls that are there digged.*—I never heard of this custom, nor do I believe that it is true. The Irish of our own times used to

go frequently to lament at the grave of the deceased relative, which is the custom still, and sometimes slept and died on it.

her brother is really dead, and begins to describe the beauty of his person as follows :—

Ῥορεοθαῖ μέ ἀν ἄν τάλαν λεαῖ:
 Ὅι δά σοι θῆρα ἀγαθ,
 Ὅα ἐσαπῆμα θελα ἀγαθ,
 Ὅμ πεανθ καίκε ἀγαθ,
 Ὅα ῥῖννεάν λεαῖτα,
 Ὅεαθ πέριπλάς ὅλαν ἀγαθ,
 Ὄρουαθ ἄλαμν βαῖταιναι,
 Σῦλ ἐαοιν ὅλιρ ἀγαθ,
 Τρέ α ὁ-εὐζ na mnά ταῖνεαμ θῦντ
 Ὀ Sheáam O !

I will begin at the ground with thee.
 Thou hast two handsome legs,
 Two white thighs,
 A slender, chalk-like waist,
 Two broad shoulders,
 Pearly fine teeth,
 A cheek beautifully coloured,
 A fine gray eye—
 For which the women loved thee,
 O John ! oh !

These are the real outpourings of untutored Nature, and a few specimens of natural elegies of this kind would be worth all the pedantic elegies of the insincere bards; but it would be very hard to procure a genuine spe-

cimen now, as the people are beginning to feel ashamed of them, and unwilling to repeat them from fear of ridicule, of which they are very sensitive.

All decent, half-civilized people now laugh at these elegies, and hence the better class of farmers have entirely given them up, except in very few instances, where some old female member of the family cannot be restrained from venting her grief in the real old strain of poetry, accompanying it with that howling which seems now to be almost peculiar to the old Irish. John O'Brien's sister adds :—

ba ṽear é do com a nḡabal an éaácta,
 ba ṽear í do ṽliapad a nḡiallaṽ
 épaépaḡ,
 ba ṽneaḡ é do ṽearaṽ ap ṽnapḡaḡ ap
 ap aénaá,
 Oó a Sheáam, mo ḡṽáḡ na tṽéiḡ ṽmṽ.

Handsome was thy waist in the fork of the plough.

Handsome was thy thigh in the red leathern saddle,

Noble was thy figure at the market and the fair.

Alas ! John, my love, wilt thou forsake us ?

ones. HORACE tells us in his Poems that y^e ancient Irish-men¹ and Britains used this inhumane cruelty only on the bodies of strangers.—Hor. lib. i. Od.

The manner of burying their dead is much alike through the whole Countrey parts of Ireland. In Citties and Towns the ceremony is perform'd with less noyse.

It will not be amiss to take notice of it in this place, because it is a work of mercy, and properly of Christian Charity.

In Dublin, Limerick, Cork, &c., they bury after the manner of the citties and towns, & according to the Church of England, & without any unusual ceremony; but in the countreyes, countrey towns, & villages it varies. Here they have their wakes in attendance of the Dead Bodies, about which the vulgar light as many candles as they well can by night, & adorn it with flowers, sewen to the shroud, as

¹ *Ancient Irish-men*.—Horace surely does not mention the ancient IRISH. His words are—

“Visam Britannos hospitibus feros
Et lætum equino sanguine Concanum.”
Carmin. lib. iii., Od. iv., l. 33.

An ancient scholiast adds, that the ancient Britons used to eat their guests; but Baxter asserts that he intended the Irish! His words are:—“Hoc de Hibernis magis intelligendum. Sanctus Hieronymus scribit se duos Scotos (i. e. Hibernos) in Galliâ vidisse humano cadavere vescentes. Nostri etiam tempestate superbissimi sunt in eâ insulâ contra peregrinos, seque solos homines putantes reliquos pro brutis pæne habent”!! Was St. Jerome doating (as Pelloutier and Dr. O’Conor conjecture), or calumniating the Scotie heretics, whom he accuses elsewhere of eating stirabout! This irate Father of the Church, alluding to a criticism of Celestius upon his Commentaries on the Epistle of St. Paul to the Ephesians, thus vents his rage against this Scot, who lived in the neighbourhood of Britain; but it is rather curious that he accuses him of eating *stir-about*, not the buttocks of boys or the breasts of girls:—

“Nec recordatur stolidissimus, et Scotorum pultibus prægravatus, nos in ipso dixisse opere: non damno digamos, imo nec trigamos,” &c.

Campion, however, who was in Ireland in the year 1567, and who was not a rabid calumniator of the Irish people, like Hanmer, or even Spenser, believes that the pagan Irish used to eat human flesh. Hear his words:—

“Solinus writeth that they woonted (because they would seem terrible and martiall) to embrue their faces in the bloude of their ennemyes slaine. Strabo, the famous geographer, who flourished under Augustus and Tiberius Cæsar more than fiftene hundred yeares agoe, telleth (without asseveration) that the Irish were greatte gluttons, eaters of man’s flesh, and counted it honourable for parents deceased to be eaten up of their children; and that in open sight they meddled with their wives, mothers, and daughters: which is the less incredible considering what St. Hierome avoucheth of the Scots their offspring and allies,^a and what all histories doe witness of the Scithians their auncient founders.”—*Historie of Ireland*, cap. vi., Dub. ed., p. 22.

^a *Their offspring*, &c.—The good Campion is here wrong. The *Scoti* of St. Jerome were the Irish themselves, and not the Scots of North Britain, their descendants and allies. St. Jerome’s words are very plain indeed:—“Quid loquar de cæteris nationibus, quum ipse adolescentulus in Galliâ viderim Scotos, gentem Britannicam, humanis vesci carnibus, et quum per sylvas porcorum greges pecu-

dumque reperiant, tamen puerorum nates et fæminarum papillas solere abscindere, et has solas ciborum delicias arbitrari.”

Jerome speaks very gravely, and of what he saw; but he says, also, that he was whipped by an angel for reading Cicero! How, it might be gravely asked, did the *Scoti* get the thighs of boys and the breasts of girls to feed on in Gaul?

the Romans strewed and sprinkled flowers and sweet odors upon the funerall Monument of Scipio.

The Rose particularly was much in use in this ceremony, according to Anacreon, his prays thereof in one of his Odes:—

Medicatur hæc et ægris
Defendit hæc sepultos.

The custome of burning dead bodies continued among the Romans until A° Dni MCC. Then they buried in the ground. At these Burialls they used to hire woemen mourners of the shrillest voices who, assembling at places appoynted, cried out, making great noyse & moan. The Jewes are best at this, as being—

Fruitfull in tears; tears that still ready stand
To sally forth, and but expect comãd.

Juven., Sat. 6.

Though hideous exclamations and howlings are the custome wth the Irish at this Duty, yett their Ololoos are watered with few teares, though I have heard them keep up a lamentable dolefull noyse, such as (saith Sr George Sandys in his Journall) may appear by the Ironical personating of a father following of his son's exequies, introduced by Lucian thus:—O my sweet son, thou art lost, thou art dead; dead before thy day, and has left me behind, of men the most miserable. Not experienced in the satisfacçõ of a wife, comforts of children, Warfare, husbandry, not attain'd to ripeness of age. Henceforth, O my son, thou shalt not eat, nor love, nor be drunk among thy equals.

Besides a great number of the vulgar male Irish labourers and servants, here come in the countrey troops of their friends, horsemen, to do honour to the defunct freind or neighbour.

They are banquetted and made much of at the house, accordingly, and dole is given to the poor mercenary howlers, who generally, at Church or Church yard, encompass the next heire with an high note, who more silently laments, if he doth at all,¹ according to Aulus Gellius—

Hæredis flectus sub persona risus.

¹ *If he doth at all.*—This is all drawn from the tourist's imagination. The heirs lamented and generally shed tears of sincere sorrow; but the professional keeners merely howled, and *pretended* to weep. This is quite natural, and no one need wonder at it.

I have consulted a great number of persons upon the ceremonies that were carried on at Irish wakes towards the close of the last century, and have received strange and inconsistent accounts. The following, from

the Very Rev. John Kenny, Roman Catholic Dean of Killaloe, who knows more of the manners and customs of the native Irish of his time than perhaps any man now living, is well worth preserving. It was written by him in a letter to the Editor, dated September 9, 1856. It should be premised that he describes the wake of an old woman of considerable respectability:—

“Crying at funerals is now almost unknown in [the county of] Clare; but fifty

Or, according as he is left by his father, in Persius, Sat. 6 :—

If thou impaire thy Wealth, thy angried here
Of thy last funeral feast will take small care;
And with neglect into thy Urn will throw
Thy bones without perfumes, careless to know
Whether he buy dull smelling Cinnamon
Or Cassia corrupt with cherry gumme.

Funerals in any expensive way, as with us, are in these dayes thought vain, I having neither seen nor heard of but one in above a twelve-months travail in the Kingdom of Ireland, performed with the ceremonial rites of Obsequies, viz. A. D. 1681, that of y^e much-lamented daughter of S^r William King, the present Governor of Limerick. So that dayly not onely there but here, Nobles and Gentry of eminent condiçion & offices are either secretly convey'd to their Sepulture in the dark, or with the light as it were of a dark-lanthorne,

years since the cry was kept up so incessantly that it required some exertion to restrain it during the funeral service at the very grave. The attendants at the funeral, whose friends may have been buried in the same church-yard, generally went to their own family tombs to bewail the loss of their deceased relatives. This is yet practised.

"I never heard a professional keener but once,—more than fifty years since. Her name was Brody, and she was engaged at every wake in the district. As it may amuse you to get a programme of the proceedings, here it is for you :—

"The old woman who was dead was little regretted by her neighbours, and possibly by her surviving partner, who provided a very plentiful supply of whiskey, tobacco, bread, meat, &c., for the mock mourners. I arrived about 11 o'clock at night, when the company had about half assembled. As soon as about a dozen or so was arranged at the door of the dwelling-house, they proceeded to the large room, in which the body was laid out in state, and cried in chorus for some minutes. They were next conducted to another room, in which there was a very profuse supply of eatables, of which they partook. The third move was to a very large barn, in which spirituous liquors of every kind, and tobacco in profusion, with pipes, were distributed.

"The keener never left the corpse for the night. I think she joined every party who cried; but certainly, when the delay between the departure of one batch of mourners from the corpse and the arrival of another happened to be long, she commenced a most plaintive dirge.

"As far as I now recollect it, the attention of the wake folk was much engaged by her; so much so that the room in which she was, though provided with no creature comfort but tobacco and snuff, was much more crowded than the other apartments, in which every luxury was provided. I have no recollection of the substance even of her *Caoinéadh*.

"This poor woman was living in 1810, many years after I saw her at the wake. I heard she was of the celebrated family of Bruodin, though she was, in the country, called Brody.

"I can add nothing from the traditions of the county during my own very long life to what you must have often read of the class of *keeners*, who are now extinct in Clare.

"The *abuses* at wakes were so *very great* that, on my appointment to a parish in 1815, I so far discountenanced them that I almost suppressed them in my own parish."

I cannot here resist the temptation of inserting the account of Irish wakes given by another gentleman, of the neighbouring province of Connaught, Denis H. Kelly, of Castlekelly, Esq., chief of his name, who is doing all in his power to preserve the literature of old Ireland, and to illustrate the ancient manners and customs of his ancestors. It was communicated in a letter to the Editor, dated Castlekelly, February 27, 1858 :—

"It is so many years ago since (in my youth) I witnessed the humours of an Irish wake, that I have had to refresh my recollection by inquiring amongst the oldest of our people. From them, I collect that the corpse of the deceased is dressed in clean white

or niggardly buried in the day time, scutcheon'd by some daubing country painter, without the attendance of any officer of Arms, whose dependance formerly used to be upon the performance of Funeral Rites and Exequies.

So that at this day also, not only here but in England itself, by the neglect of Funeral State & slight of Heralds, the ancient Gentry are prejudic'd for want of publishing their armes & bearings on these occasions, whence have arisen doubts, questions, & suits of law touching their descents and Issues in future. To help on with which y^e dayly Church Robberies obliterate the memories of the defunct, covetous filching, pilfrey (and the sordid opinion in some people already that Tombs and Monuments with Epitaphs relish of Roman superstition and Popery), having most sacrilegiously pict out, eraz'd, and stoln away, for the metal sake, most of the Inscriptiōns, Epitaphs, Arms, Pedigrees, & history of families upon the goodly Tombes of

grave-clothes, is stretched on its back, on a table in the middle of the room, with five or seven candles round it, according to the circumstances of the defunct (the larger number being used by the wealthier). On the breast of the corpse is placed a plate of tobacco, cut in short lengths, and a plate of snuff.

"A boy stands at the door with a basket of pipes, and each person helps himself according to his inclination. There are seats ranged round the wall, and immediately behind the corpse's head is the place of honour, where sit the chief mourners and most respected guests, amongst whom, in wakes of the higher classes, sits the *keener*.

"When members of the deceased's family or dear friends come in, they bend over the body, and cry, and all in the room join in the chorus.

"When persons who are no relatives come in, they merely kneel down and say a short prayer, and then take a seat, and fill their pipe, and smoke.

"In the inside room are generally beer and spirits, and those who are thought most of are entertained there.

"In the course of the evening, persons dressed as Irish Jack Straws and Jack Puddings come in, and go on with vulgar buffoonery, apparently little in character with so solemn an occasion; but it is done, as the French say, *pour distraire*.

"When the corpse is to be buried, it is placed in the coffin, and carried out feet foremost by four persons of the same name as the deceased; and four persons, also of his name, are supposed to commit him to the earth.

"The professional *Caointeoir* is now extinct in this part of the country, but is well remembered in the barony of Athlone, near

Taghmaconnell, and also in Clare and Mayo.

"The *Caoineadh* was originally an elegiac poem; but I know of no modern specimen of it. There is, in a MS. in the Academy, a copy of a *Caoineadh* made for one of the O'Connor's Failghe, I think for the father of Maurice O'Connor, Lady Desert's father. The Lament of Deirdrè over the sons of Uisneach is a good specimen; and that of Finnbheartach over the sons of Turlough, another."

The abuses above referred to by Dr. Kenny and Mr. Kelly were very many in the barony of Ida, county of Kilkenny, when the Editor was a child. So great was the amusement carried on at an Irish wake-house, that all the young persons of both sexes were anxiously on the look-out for the deaths of certain old men and women in the parish. When some of the young men met a very old poor woman, the usual salutation was:—"How are you to-day, Biddy? you are living a long time. What time will you give us the pleasant night over you? We are expecting it now for the last seven years, and you are still as tough as ever, though you are near a hundred years old!"

Various comedies, or rather farcical buffooneries, were carried on during the night, the principal of which was called the *frannsa*, a word of which I have never been able to discover the origin or derivation. During this mock ceremony several young men and women were married by a mock priest (usually a weaver or a tailor, called *Robert Sagart*), who was generally in attendance at all the wakes in his parish, and who was the life and soul of the whole farce. He was usually dressed in robes made of straw; his stole was a huge *sugaun* made of oaten straw, and his vestments were mats of the same

our worthy ancestors. O that care were taken yett to preserve what remain !¹ for to my knowledge, not only in Ireland but England itself, monuments of the dead are thus abus'd.

material. He usually carried a huge Paidrin, or beads, made of potatoes of different sizes, on a string, surmounted by a huge frog for a cross. He commenced the profane ceremony by blessing himself with his left hand, and then repeated in Latin, "Ego jungo vos in matrimonium," &c. After each couple was married, he put them to bed in a corner of the room, sprinkling them with water, and, pronouncing a mock blessing upon them in Latin and Irish—"Crescite et multiplicamini" and adding, "Now that ye are joined in the holy bonds of matrimony, may the full blessing of the beggars descend upon you ; may ye have plenty of ragged children," &c.

But this blessing was varied according to the genius and humour of the pseudo-priest, who sometimes gave the married couple plain advice about their future conduct as man and wife, and which was generally of so ludicrous a character as to create much laughter. His drollery was exhaustless, but generally gross, and always in bad taste, and intentionally un-instructive. These profane fooleries grew up in wild luxuriance in the days of Ireland's most depressed state, and were continued till finally

put down by the vigilance and influence of the Roman Catholic clergy. These buffooneries were probably continuations of the dramatic performances of the more ancient Irish jesters at feasts and public fairs. See Josias Bodley's "Travels in Lecale," in the "Ulster Journal of Archæology."

The venerable Charles O'Connor, of Belanagare, in a letter to his friend, J. C. Walker, Esq., of the Irish Treasury, dated August 15, 1786, remarks, in his reply to one of his queries—

"You inquire about the dramatic performances of the Irish ; they had ludicrous farces at their entertainments, such, I suppose, as satisfied an ill-cultivated taste. I never met with any in writing, and such as were exhibited at wakes were wretched performances indeed."

¹ *To preserve what remain.*—It is to be hoped that our local antiquaries will do all in their power to preserve local monuments, and that family documents calculated to throw light on national history will be printed. Why do not the St. Laurences and the Butlers imitate the Marquis of Kildare?

(To be continued.)

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF THOMAS DINELEY,
ESQUIRE, GIVING SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS VISIT TO
IRELAND IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

COMMUNICATED BY EVELYN PHILIP SHIRLEY, ESQ., M.A., M.P.

[Continued from page 32, *supra*.]

MONEY.—The Irish anciently had little or no money,¹ they pay'd their Rents with Corn and Cattle, and traded among themselves by barter of goods and commodities, as in the Barbadoes they do with sugars; and Virginia, Carolina, Maryland, &c., with Tobaccos.

English money here is very scarce, as being prohibited to be carried over out of England in any great summe: because the rebbels made use of it to buy amunition and provision for the warrs, whence it was transported by the merchants into forreigne countreys to the great loss of England. In the 43 yeer of Qu. Elizabeth (1601) it was absolutely forbid by proclamation, as Henry the VII. had before by Act of Parliam^t. At this time no one is allow'd to exceed the sume of five pounds under pain of forfeiture.

Wherefore guineys² are at three and twenty shillings in this kingdome in comon payment.

The most usual money, and that which passeth in the greatest quantity of silver, is Spanish Coyne, known here by the name of a cob,³ an half cob, and a quarter cob.

¹ *Little or no money.*—The only money referred to in the Brehon Laws and other ancient Irish documents are the *Sigol*, the *Screpall*, and the *Crosoc*. See Petrie's "Round Towers," p. 212. Mr. Lindsay, of Cork, says that—"The scarcity of coin cannot be attributed to the poverty of the country, as the large quantity of gold ornaments found in Ireland fully prove. But, from whatever cause, there is no reason to suppose that money was coined in Ireland before the latter part of the ninth or beginning of the tenth century, when it was introduced by the Danes; but probably there was no money actually coined by the Irish princes for at least a century later, as nearly all the types likely to belong to the latter were copied from the Anglo-Norman coinage. That the 'Screpalls' and 'Pinguins' mentioned by the an-

cient Irish writers were not *Irish coins*, but either weights of silver bullion, or Anglo-Saxon pennies and thirds of pennies, will, I think, appear from my paper published in the 'Transactions of the Congress of the British Association,' held at Gloucester, p. 181, showing that the only Hiberno-Danish, or Irish coins which agree with the weights of the Pinguins and Screpalls are the ecclesiastical coins with a rude head and crozier, which are about the weight of the Pinguin, but evidently the work of the eleventh century."—*Original letter, penes Ed.*

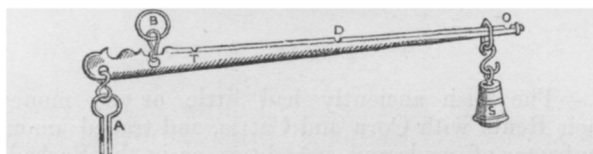
² *Guineys.*—The guinea passed for 22s. 9d. before the assimilation of the currency in 1825.

³ *A Cob.*—A coin current in Gibraltar and the south of Spain, equal to 4s. 6d. English money. Is "cob" a Spanish word?

A sort of pieces of eight¹ at 4^s 6^d each, which they call plate pieces, Mexico's and Perues.

The cobs that are weight, as well as the french crown, pass at 4^s 9^d but if they want a grain, or turn not the scale or stilyard, they pass but at 4^s 6^d.

None here, either in market or publick-house, but with small scales weigh their silver, as well as their gold, before they take it.



An Instrument for weighing Foreign Coyne in Ireland, Silver.

- A. The receptacle for the piece.
- B. The ring to hold in the hand.
- T. The notch for the weight of a Quarter-piece.
- C. The notch of the weight of a four & ninepence piece, call'd a Weight Cob.
- D. The notch of an Half Cob.
- S. The steel weight.

Here are also pieces of Portugall coyne w^{ch} go at 7^s 6^d, these onely, & now and then a piece of English money pass unweighed.

The copper halfpence made for the ready change of this nation were after this manner [here follows in the original a pen-and-ink sketch of the obverse and reverse of the coin now known as “St. Patrick’s halfpenny :” see Simon, Plate VII., Fig. 142], but called in this A^o 1681² and in the place an half penney sett forth, with his Ma^{ties} head on y^e one side and a harp on the other, with the inscrip-
cōn of y^e English half penny.

¹ *Pieces of Eight*.—This was a Spanish coin, of the value of 4s. 6d.—probably so named from the figure “8” at each side of the shield; but lately, in Ireland, the name was applied to the half crown, worth 2s. 8½d. before the assimilation of the currency in 1825. In the will of Sir Dermott O’Shaugh-

nessy, 29th January, 1671, he orders his son Roger “to pay eight pieces of eight towards James Dowley his ransom.”

² The first halfpenny of Charles II., coined after the “Patrick’s pence” were called in, was issued in 1680. See “Simon on Irish Coins,” Plate VII., Fig. 144.

(To be continued.)